

Math Tutor

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/9242354) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/9242354>.

Rating:

Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warning:

No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:

M/M

Fandom:

방탄소년단 | Bangtan Boys | BTS

Relationship:

Min Yoongi | Suga/Park Jimin

Characters:

Min Yoongi | Suga, Park Jimin (BTS), Kim Taehyung | V, Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster, Jung Hoseok | J-Hope, Jeon Jungkook

Additional Tags:

yoonmin, park jimin/min yoongi - Freeform, Romance, Fluff, Pining, Bad Boy Min Yoongi | Suga, Math Nerd Park Jimin, Tattooed Min Yoongi | Suga, pierced yoongi, piano player yoongi, smoker yoongi, Innocent Jimin, sweetheart jimin, soft and fluffy jimin, math genius jimin, yoongi doesn't give a shit about anything, except jimin, yoongi is so incredibly soft for jimin im crying, like so so soft, Whipped Yoongi, SO MUCH FLUFF, God the fluff, yoongi is a hardcore bad boy but he turns into a stuttering school girl around jimin, like yoongi is so weak for jimin i could die, taekook of you squint really REALLY hard i guess???, i am such yoonmin trash someone stop me, I Will Go Down With This Ship, i couldnt find a place for jin, sorry baby please forgive me

Language:

English

Collections:

YOONMIN ♥️, BTS Fanfiction Archive, Yoonmin, yoonmin, ReadThemAlready, Fine Fanfic, Read, Stories I Have Finished

Stats:

Math Tutor

by [springrain21](#)

Summary

Min Yoongi is the school's resident Bad Boy™. He's covered in tattoos, is pierced, curses like a sailor, smokes like crazy, doesn't give a shit about anything, possesses a hot temper that has people steering clear of him, and is desperately in love with Park Jimin, the adorable math nerd. When Jimin is tasked with tutoring Yoongi in math, who is in danger of failing the class and being held back a year, both boys are hesitant. Yoongi because he can't think straight around the boy with startling red hair, and Jimin because Yoongi is scary as hell and looks like he can easily kill someone. Gradually, though, the two grow closer, and Jimin finds that Yoongi is nothing like how he'd imagined.

Check out part two [Operation: Get Taehyung a Boyfriend](#)

Notes

NOTICE: I do not allow translations of any of my works.

I have such a weakness for the asshole, bad boy, doesn't-give-a-shit Yoongi falling for sweet, innocent, nerdy Jimin. Like it's literally what I live for ahhhhh. I also know literally nothing about classical music, but I tried my best. If the piano part is wrong or not accurate PLEASE tell me and I'll change it. I had so much fun writing this, and I hope you enjoy! As always, please leave feedback, and check out my other stories if you're interested. Thank you!

Part one of [Operation: Get Taehyung a Boyfriend](#) which focuses on Taekook but also shows how Jimin and Yoongi's relationship progresses and is set immediately after the end of Math Tutor.

Now translated into [Russian](#) by [Minki_blue](#) (I no longer allow translations)

Chapter 1

Min Yoongi is the school's resident Bad Boy™, and he takes his role very seriously; tattoos, piercings, bleach blonde hair, bad attitude—the whole nine yards. He is cocky, sour, and rude, his naturally thorny personality serving to scare away most other people and keep them at a comfortable distance—just the way he likes it.

The only people who are able to tolerate his prickly attitude are his two childhood friends, Namjoon and Hoseok. The three of them have known each other since fourth grade and have been inseparable ever since.

“There you are!” A familiar, overly-deep voice pulls Yoongi's attention out of the history textbook he'd been thumbing through in boredom. Looking up, he sees Namjoon and Hoseok making their way over to him across the courtyard of the outside cafeteria. Namjoon looks slightly annoyed, but Hoseok's face is split in a grin so wide Yoongi is afraid the boy is going to split in half. He skips along next to Namjoon, looking like a large puppy, his butt practically wiggling in excitement.

They reach Yoongi's otherwise empty table and plop down across from him. “Why weren't you in geometry?” Namjoon asks, frowning at Yoongi when he only shrugs.

“Didn't feel like it,” is the older boy's grumbled response, flicking his textbook closed before raising his arms over his head to stretch his tired body, his black leather jacket squeaking in protest.

“You're going to get expelled at this rate,” Namjoon warns him sternly, crossing his arms as he watches his friend across the table.

“Meh,” Yoongi only shrugs again, earning an exasperated sigh from the younger boy. The blonde leans back and rakes a pale hand through his hair before reaching into his pocket to pull out his pack of cigarettes.

“Yah!” Hoseok exclaims as Yoongi slides one out of the pack. “Remember the deal? No smoking in my presence. It's bad for my dancer's body.”

Yoongi throws Hoseok a dirty look, wrinkling his nose at the dramatic way his friend's hands slide down said "dancer's body" seductively, his eyebrows wagging at the elder.

"Fuck off, Hoseok, I haven't had one all day," Yoongi bites back bitterly. The glare he's giving his friend would have made anyone else pale in fear, but the asshole only grins again and plucks the cigarette out of Yoongi's fingers before he can react.

"Yah!"

"Do you have any idea how bad for your health these things are?" The dancer asks, holding the cigarette gingerly out at a distance as he examines it, his lips curling in disgust.

Yoongi sighs and rolls his eyes, not in the mood for Hoseok's bullshit. "No, I don't actually. It's not like you tell me every fucking time you see me, or anything like that."

His friend purses his lips at his scathing tone before reaching over and dropping the cigarette into the trashcan by the table. Yoongi grits his teeth in irritation as he watches it fall in. "Hoseok, I swear to fucking god, I'm—"

"You know," the brunette interrupts, leaning across the table and lowering his voice. Yoongi involuntarily moves closer as well. "*Jimin* hates smoking."

Yoongi immediately pulls back, cursing at the way his cheeks heat up. He's sure they are probably tinted a light pink as he crosses his arms and glares at a giggling Hoseok. Next to him, Namjoon is trying to bite back a smile.

"Fuck off," Yoongi snaps, sounding even harsher than usual because of embarrassment.

Some dumb freshman, obviously unaware of who Yoongi is, chooses that moment to approach the table and hold out a class schedule to him. The kid gives him a quick bow before straightening up and looking at him.

"Excuse me, can you tell me where Ms. Choi's class is?" The freshman smiles, and Yoongi narrows his eyes, feeling a surge of annoyance at the action.

"Fuck off," he snaps again, and the way the freshman's expression

changes almost makes him laugh. Almost. The kid's face pales and the smile slips off his face as he stares wide eyed at Yoongi. He splutters, struggling to form a response of some sort, his cheeks beginning to turn red.

Good, now Yoongi isn't the only one blushing.

Hoseok chooses that moment to save the kid. "Ignore him, he's an asshole," the brunette says cheerily, ignoring Yoongi's pointed glare as he smiles at the boy. "Here, let me see your schedule."

As Hoseok gives the freshman directions, Namjoon adding in his input here and there, Yoongi zones back out. He can't wait to go home and sleep.

Yoongi arrives early for algebra, his last class of the day. It's the only class he never misses, and also the only one he's never late for. As he leans back lazily in his desk, he fiddles with the pages of his textbook, trying not to look as nervous as he feels. He is hyper alert, jumping every time the classroom door opens, glancing over quickly before returning his attention to the book, feeling annoyed when it's not who he's waiting for.

Finally, the door opens again, and even before he catches the flash of bright red hair in his peripheral, he hears it; the most perfect, angelic giggle, like little tinkling bells—almost fairylike. Yoongi's heart jumps into his throat as he forces himself to act natural.

Yoongi causally flicks his gaze to the door, and there he is; *Park Jimin*.

The tiny math nerd with startlingly red hair who makes Yoongi's heart beat a mile a minute.

Jimin enters the classroom, followed by his loud friend, Taehyung. The two are in the middle of an animated conversation, and Yoongi gulps when the shorter boy grins at something the brunette says, his hooded eyes pulling up into perfect little half-moons as he giggles again.

Oh god.

The sound is so breathy and squeaky and *adorable* that Yoongi has to bite his lip to keep in a coo at the noise, because Min Yoongi does not fucking coo thank you very much. He licks at the cool metal ring pierced through his bottom lip nervously.

His whole body is alert to Jimin's presence as the boy walks further into the classroom, making his way to the seat in front of Yoongi, one row over, giving the older the perfect view of the younger's profile—was he sculpted by the fucking *gods* or something?

Jimin is wearing one of his usual oversized sweaters, practically drowning in the dark blue material as he begins pulling out his textbook from his backpack, still chattering with Taehyung, who sits in the desk beside him. Yoongi watches as he struggles to pull out the book with his tiny hands—they're so fucking *small* it hurts Yoongi's heart—his square, black-framed glasses slipping down his straight nose as he struggles. The boy huffs in annoyance as he shoves them back up impatiently, and Yoongi has to bite back a smile.

Class starts then, but Yoongi doesn't even notice as he continues to gaze at Jimin, taking in his features; the flawless, tan skin that looks so smooth and warm Yoongi just wants to run his fingertips all over it. The squishy cheeks that are so chubby Yoongi wants to cry, a stark contrast to his sharp, sculpted jawline and straight, shapely nose. Pink lips, so full and plush it has the blonde boy's heart rate picking up, are pursed slightly as Jimin concentrates on what the teacher is saying. Flame red hair, soft and fluffy, sweeps into those beautiful hooded eyes and across the glasses, making Jimin have to push them away every few seconds as he takes notes.

Yoongi is in the middle of admiring the kid's little hand holding the too-big pencil, when an annoyed voice catches his attention. "Am I boring you, Mr. Min?"

His eyes immediately snap up as the rest of the class' attention turns to him. He wouldn't give a fuck if it weren't for a certain half-moon gaze on his face, burning into him and making him blush uncomfortably. He purposefully keeps his gaze away from Jimin as he looks the teacher, Mr. Kim, dead in the eye.

"I asked, am I boring you?" Mr. Kim repeats, his eyes narrowed as he watches Yoongi in irritation. The blonde boy only leans back further in his chair, stretching out his legs comfortably and lacing his fingers

behind his head. He tries to ignore Jimin's eyes burning a hole in his face.

"Yes," is all he replies lazily, smirking at the scandalized look that overtakes Mr. Kim's face. Someone behind him snickers quietly.

It looks like the man is debating whether or not to send Yoongi to the principal's office for the nth time, but seems to finally decide against it. "You," Mr. Kim snaps, pointing at Yoongi. "Stay after class."

Yoongi sighs, gritting his teeth angrily. *Not again, goddamn it.*

Mr. Kim continues with the lesson, and eventually everyone returns their attention to the teacher. The last gaze Yoongi feels leave him is a certain crescent-eyed one. It makes his skin prickle and his cheeks heat up.

"Please review problems one through eight over the weekend," Mr. Kim says as the bell rings, signaling the end of the school day. Immediately, everyone expects for Yoongi, who remains slouched in his chair, gathers up their materials and begins filing out. Yoongi considers trying to sneak out, but he attempted that once and it did *not* go so well, so he decides against it.

Jimin, walking next to Taehyung as usual, is towards the rear of the flood of students trying to exit, one of the last to leave the room. Before he can though, Mr. Kim calls him back.

"Mr. Park, you stay behind, too."

Yoongi blinks, sitting straight up in his chair.

What the fuck?

Jimin's eyes widen as he and Taehyung share a concerned look. "Y-yes, sir," Jimin mutters timidly, stepping back into the room, flashing Yoongi a nervous glance that has the older's heart hammering.

"You're free to go, Mr. Kim," the older Mr. Kim addresses Taehyung,

who hasn't moved from Jimin's side yet. Taehyung blinks, looking over at the teacher in surprise.

"Oh, right. Sorry," he begins, shooting Jimin another worried look as he takes a step back. "I'll meet you after?" When Jimin nods, Taehyung also shoots Yoongi a nervous look before opening the door to the room and leaving, letting it close behind him with a resounding click.

Now it's just the three of them, Yoongi and Mr. Kim.

And Park Jimin.

Fuck.

The teacher beckons Yoongi over to his desk, and he stands up stiffly, trying not to look at Jimin, whose gaze he feels on him again. *Don't trip, don't trip*, he thinks desperately to himself as he makes his way over to the two of them.

Stopping before Mr. Kim, not having tripped, thank god, he stands there awkwardly, trying not to look at the redheaded boy next to him. Jimin is so close to him it makes the hairs on the back of Yoongi's neck stand up.

"As you know, Mr. Min, you are one of the worst students in this class," Mr. Kim begins bluntly, and Yoongi glowers down at the floor at his dismissive tone. "And you, Mr. Park," he continues, turning to Jimin, making Yoongi's ears prick up. "Are one of the best."

The awkwardness in the air is tangible, and Yoongi bites his lip. "Um, thank you, sir?" Jimin says, but it ends up sounding more like a question.

"Mr. Park, if you're interested, I'd like you to tutor Mr. Min." Both of their heads snap up at that.

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck.

Yoongi's voice suddenly seems to leave him, and he can't help but glance over at Jimin. The boy's eyes are wide and his mouth is hanging slightly ajar in shock. Yoongi can't help but feel a little hurt at his reaction.

Okay, maybe a lot hurt. Maybe the thought of Jimin being scared of him makes him want to curl up and die.

“S-sir?” Jimin squeaks, glancing over at Yoongi at the same time the older looks at him. Their eyes connect for a second, and a flood of heat fills the older’s body as he stares into those beautiful brown eyes. Jimin blinks rapidly before looking away abruptly, and Yoongi feels his cheeks flushing again as he shuffles his feet nervously, his heart going crazy.

“If Mr. Min doesn’t pass this class he’ll be held back a grade,” Mr. Kim says, and Yoongi blushes in embarrassment when Jimin stares at their teacher with wide eyes. “If you’re willing, I’d like you to tutor him.”

Oh god.

“Oh,” Jimin mutters quietly, and Yoongi waits with bated breath for the boy’s reply. Half of him wants Jimin to say no, the other half wants him to say yes.

“I mean, if-if it’s okay with you...” Yoongi realizes Jimin is addressing him now, talking to him directly for the first time ever, and the thought makes his already frantic heart skip another beat or two.

Yoongi looks up to see Jimin watching him with a somewhat fearful expression, as if expecting the tattooed male to cuss him out for his audacity. If it were anyone else, he probably would have. Instead, Yoongi shrugs, forcing the action to remain casual, lazy.

“Sure,” he replies nonchalantly, and Jimin’s eyes widen. Even Mr. Kim looks taken aback as he stares at Yoongi.

“Really?” The teacher asks, and Yoongi shrugs again, trying not to look annoyed at Mr. Kim’s disbelieving tone.

“Yeah.”

“Oh,” the older man blinks, straightening up. “Well, good. That’s good. I expect you to treat Mr. Park with respect,” he says, shooting Yoongi a warning look. “If I hear anything from him about you causing trouble, I’m failing you automatically.” Yoongi would scowl at him, except that he would never, ever do that to Jimin, so he keeps quiet. Jimin, on the other hand, looks distressed.

“Mr. Kim, I don’t think that’s really necessary.” He objects quickly, waving his hands as if trying to calm the older man down. The teacher ignores him though, shooting Yoongi one last stern look before dismissing them.

Yoongi and Jimin stand in the deserted hallway together, the awkwardness in the air making the older cringe inwardly.

“Um, so...” Jimin begins hesitantly, rubbing the back of his neck with his little hand. “D-did you want to study tomorrow? We can go to the library...if you want?” The younger regards him wearily, still probably expecting Yoongi to lash out at him in irritation. The thought makes his heart ache.

“Yeah, that works,” Yoongi replies, gaze sweeping over the boy’s beautiful face before dropping back down to the floor as his cheeks warm up again.

Stop acting like a little bitch, he hisses to himself in annoyance.

“O-okay,” Jimin stutters, obviously thrown for a loop by Yoongi’s odd behavior. “How about two o’clock?” Yoongi glances up at Jimin again to see the boy looking at him strangely. He swallows heavily, forcing his gaze to remain on the boy’s face.

“Okay.”

Chapter 2

Yoongi may or may not have arrived to the public library an hour early the next day.

He picks a small empty table by the windows, pulling out his textbook and fidgeting with the pages nervously, glancing at the time on his phone every couple of seconds. His hands are clammy and his stomach clenches uncomfortably as he waits.

“Get it together Min Yoongi,” he mutters under his breath, trying to calm himself down.

He’d debated just not showing up, but Namjoon had threatened him into it.

“Are you really going to pass up this opportunity? You’ve been in love with this kid for a whole year, hyung. Either you confess you like him, or I’ll tell him myself,” he’d said sternly, making a shocked Yoongi splutter and blush. He’d been about to snap a reply, but his friend had held up a hand to stop him. “Plus, you really do need tutoring, or else you’re going to fail the class and be held back a year. That’s pretty embarrassing, if you ask me. And...I’m sure *Jimin* wouldn’t be very impressed by that.”

That had shut Yoongi up, so now he sits in the library, tensely waiting for his new tutor. He watches the time tick down closer to 2:00 PM.

1:34 PM. Yoongi spins his phone on the table in agitation.

1:47 PM. He licks his lips nervously.

1:56 PM. The blonde breaks out into a cold sweat and he has to keep wiping his damp palms on his jeans.

2:00 PM. He looks up at the entrance to the library, feeling about ready to explode.

2:03 PM. He rubs the faded monarch butterfly tattoo on the back of his hand, his mouth dry as the desert.

2:08 PM. Yoongi frowns, his gaze flicking between his phone and the door.

2:15 PM. Worrying his bottom lip between his teeth, Yoongi begins to fear Jimin might have stood him up.

He wouldn't do that though...would he?

Raking a hand through his blonde hair, he leans back in his chair, noticing a girl looking at him in interest from a nearby table. When she catches his eyes, she gives him a sultry smile and flutters her lashes. Yoongi's lip curls in distaste before he shoots her a cold glare. The girl's eyes widen at the icy look, a cross between shock and fear crossing her face. She blushes in embarrassment and looks back down at her book, letting her hair fall forward to hide her face. Giving a satisfied nod, Yoongi resettles in his chair.

At exactly 2:18 PM, his attention is caught by a flash of bright red hair, and Yoongi looks up to see a flustered looking Park Jimin rush into the library. The boy looks around, and when his eyes land on Yoongi sitting in the corner, the older's heart begins thundering loudly.

Tugging his backpack higher up his shoulder and pushing his glasses back up the bridge of his nose, Jimin quickly makes his way over. Yoongi frowns when he sees the redhead is panting heavily, his chubby cheeks flushed red and a light sheen of sweat covering his forehead. The sight has Yoongi's heart stilling in his chest.

Fuck, is he an actual angel?

"I'm so sorry I'm late!" Jimin gasps breathlessly as he reaches Yoongi, stopping a few feet away from the table. "I missed my bus and had to run all the way here. I was going to call you but I don't have your number," his words tumble out in a rush, and Yoongi has to hold back a smile at the redhead's disheveled appearance. He opens his mouth to reply, but Jimin pushes on. "Have you been waiting long? Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry. I really didn't mean to make you wait, I hope you haven't been here that long."

Jimin still stands in front of the table, watching Yoongi nervously. He's probably waiting for the blonde to start yelling at him for being late, to cuss him out and storm out of the library angrily.

Instead, Yoongi only gazes back at Jimin, feeling just as nervous as the younger looks. "It's fine," he says, wincing at the way his voice crackles. Jimin blinks at him, obviously not expecting the older's quiet response as his lips part slightly in shock, drawing Yoongi's intent gaze to them.

“A-are you sure?” The redhead asks, still breathing heavily, twisting the strap of his backpack as he stands awkwardly before Yoongi, who has to force himself not to smile at the boy in reassurance. Min Yoongi does *not* smile in reassurance.

“Yeah, I only got here a few minutes ago myself,” he lies smoothly, impressed at how confident his voice comes out.

“Oh,” Jimin blinks again, a relieved look crossing his flushed face as he slowly sinks into the chair next to Yoongi. “Okay, that’s good.”

Yoongi is painfully aware of Jimin’s proximity as the younger begins pulling out his supplies from his backpack. His breathing is still slightly labored, so Yoongi reaches into his own bag and pulls out the unopened water bottle he’d been too distracted to open and places it on the table in front of the other boy.

Jimin looks at it blankly for a second, before his eyes snap to Yoongi, surprise evident in his wide-eyed gaze. He can see the redhead struggling to find something to say, not sure how to react to the bad boy’s strange behavior. Jimin licks his lips, and Yoongi groans internally as he watches the pink tongue swipe across his full bottom lip quickly.

Finally, the younger reaches out and takes the water bottle tentatively. “Thank you,” is all he says softly, ducking his head shyly and not meeting Yoongi’s eyes. The blonde once again has to resist the urge to coo sappily.

The redhead cracks open the lid and takes a long swig of water, those perfect lips sealing around the top as he drinks. Yoongi has to actually look away when a single drop of water slips by the boy’s lips and trails agonizingly slow down his chin, slipping down his smooth throat, as if taunting Yoongi.

“Lick me up! I dare you!” The drop seems to scream at him in challenge, glinting in the light from the window as it slides down Jimin’s adam’s apple. Finally, *blessedly*, the younger takes one final gulp before twisting the cap back on the bottle and wiping the drop away with the back of his hand.

“Should we start?” Yoongi snaps his attention back to see Jimin watching him expectantly, his breathing slower now, though his cheeks are still stained a wonderful pink. Yoongi nods quickly, jerkily.

“Yeah, sure.”

At first, Yoongi has to force himself to try to focus on what Jimin is explaining with a math problem, the boy's presence so close to him making the older's brain go haywire, leaning close over their shared textbook. Then though, he makes himself begin paying attention to what Jimin is saying, and slowly it starts to make sense.

The boy explains the problems in a way that Mr. Kim has never done, the way that makes Yoongi's brain hurt as he tries to decipher the alien language that is algebra. But Jimin explains it so simply and in a way that is easy for him to grasp, a way that Yoongi begins quickly catching onto, the boy's soft voice patiently walking Yoongi through the steps.

"Good!" Jimin exclaims when Yoongi answers a problem all on his own. The smile that crosses his lips and pulls his eyes into crescents makes Yoongi want to cry, the sight is so beautiful. Jimin is smiling because of *him*.

All too soon though, the tutoring session comes to an end. Yoongi isn't sure whether to be happy—since his head aches from trying to do math for an hour and a half, or disappointment—because he has to part with Jimin now.

"Well," Jimin clears his throat awkwardly, sending Yoongi a sidelong glance from the seat beside him. "I won't be able to make it tomorrow, but we could study on Monday after school...if that's okay?"

Yoongi's heart swells at the prospect, but he only nods twice, not sure how Jimin would react if he broke into a big, excited grin. "Yeah, that's fine."

The redhead nods as well, rubbing the back of his neck for a moment before gathering up his supplies and shoveling them back in his bag. Standing up, he slings it over his shoulder and looks down at Yoongi shyly. "Um, I guess I'll see you on Monday..." he trails off, as if waiting for Yoongi's permission. The blonde only nods again.

“See you on Monday.”

That strange look crosses Jimin’s face again, but Yoongi wonders if he imagined it because it’s gone so fast. “Okay...well, bye,” the redhead says quietly, giving Yoongi a little wave before turning around and beginning to make his way out of the library.

“Bye, Jimin.” Yoongi murmurs softly to the boy’s retreating back once he’s out of earshot, watching him the whole way.

Once outside of the library in the cool spring air, Jimin wipes his sweaty palms on his jeans, grateful for the light breeze that tickles through his hair as he walks. He’d been so nervous that he felt like he was going to pass out every time Yoongi looked at him with those dark, unreadable eyes.

Taehyung, with his uncanny sense of timing, calls Jimin just then, the redhead’s phone vibrating in his back pocket. Pulling it out, he quickly answers.

“Hey, Tae,” he says, pushing his glasses up his nose when they begin slipping again.

“Are you okay? Are you alive?” His friend demands loudly from the other line as a greeting, and Jimin can’t help but smile at his worried tone.

“Yeah, I’m okay,” he replies, running a hand through his bright hair as he walks.

“How was it? Did he threaten to kill you? Did he physically harm you in any way?”

Jimin purses his lips at the question, thinking back to the tutoring session. Yoongi wasn’t anything like he’d imagined him to be, what he’d heard from other people; no cold glares, snapped responses, or vulgar curses. He had been terrified of the older boy’s reaction when he’d been late, but the blonde had only assured him it was okay in a

soft voice, leaving Jimin speechless in shock for a few seconds.

“Actually...he wasn’t that bad,” Jimin admits. “He was just sort of quiet and didn’t really say much except for asking questions about a problem...” the redhead hesitates, lowering his voice as he speaks into the phone. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d almost think he’s shy.”

He hears Taehyung scoff loudly. “Min Yoongi? Shy? The scary, tattooed, pierced, smokes-five-packs-a-day, looks-like-he-can-murder-you-with-his-bare-hands Min Yoongi? The Min Yoongi who will probably end up in prison for killing someone and hiding their body under his floorboards? That Min Yoongi?”

Jimin frowns at Taehyung incredulous tone. “That’s a little harsh, Tae.”

“You think that until *you’re* the one hidden under his floorboards,” his best friend quips back. “How long are you going to have to tutor him anyway?”

Jimin pauses as he thinks. They hadn’t even gone over that. “I guess just until his grades improve.”

Taehyung lets out a loud sigh. “Let’s just hope he’s not as dumb as he looks so you can get away from him as soon as possible. He freaks me out, I don’t like you being around him. What if you say something wrong and he snaps and punches you right in the face? I’ll kick his fucking ass, I swear to—”

“Okay!” Jimin interrupts the boy’s angry tirade. “I get it! Calm down, will you?” Even though that thought instills a cold fear in him, Jimin doesn’t like the way Taehyung called Yoongi dumb. He barely knows the older boy, but he doubts Yoongi is as unintelligent as Taehyung is implying.

“Just be careful, okay?” The brunette asks quietly, and Jimin can’t help to smile at how concerned he sounds.

“I will, don’t worry.”

Chapter 3

Yoongi has to force himself to focus on Mr. Kim as the man finishes up the day's lesson. After the tutoring session with Jimin, the gibberish on the chalkboard makes just an inkling of a little more sense. He still can't help it when his gaze flicks to glance at the back of the head of blinding red hair every few seconds. Jimin is chewing on his pencil in concentration, and Yoongi swallows thickly, his throat dry as he tries not to focus on the action.

Finally, the bell rings, signaling the end of school for the day. It also signals that it's time for his tutoring session with Jimin. The thought fills him with both anxiety and excitement. He watches out of the corner of his eye as Jimin packs up his stuff, chatting with Taehyung as he does.

The two boys make their way out of class, and Yoongi can't help the way his heart drops when Jimin doesn't even so much as look at him. He doesn't know what he's supposed to do as he also begins making his way out the door. Where is he meeting Jimin? The library? His dumb ass still hadn't exchanged numbers with Jimin, so trying to call or text him isn't an option.

As he pushes his way out the door, Yoongi ignores the way the remaining students scurry out of his way to avoid him. As he enters the hall, trying to figure out his next plan of action, bright red in his peripheral and a soft voice catches his attention.

"Yoongi-ssi?" Yoongi snaps his gaze to his left to see Jimin standing against the wall outside the classroom, Taehyung nowhere in sight. The boy is watching him almost shyly, again having to push his glasses back up his nose when they start slipping.

Yoongi's heart stutters at the sight. *You can call me hyung*, he wants so badly to say, but instead he only replies;

"Hey." *Nice. Real smooth.* Yoongi internally kicks himself at his lack of eloquence.

Jimin licks his lips nervously, and the blonde once again finds his attention fixed on the gesture. The boy is dressed in large grey sweater and a pair of tight black jeans that show off his muscular thighs in a way Yoongi thinks should be illegal. His flaming red hair peaks out of a slouchy black beanie, and his sweet hooded eyes peer timidly at the

older from behind his glasses. He looks so soft and fluffy Yoongi has to *once again* resist the urge to croon at him like an idiot.

“Are you ready to study?” Jimin asks tentatively, as if testing the waters to gauge Yoongi’s reaction.

Anything for you, the blonde wants to reply, but instead he only nods.

Jimin blinks at him a few times before pushing back from the wall, tugging the strap of his bag higher up his shoulder. “Okay...um, how about the school library?” He asks, and Yoongi nods again, beginning to follow Jimin as he starts walking down the hall, which is flooded with students heading the opposite way in a desperate bid to escape school for the day.

Jimin, who is small and below average height, just like Yoongi himself, struggles to push through the rush of students, but he only keeps getting shoved back. Yoongi’s eyes narrow, feeling a flood of anger. How dare they shove Jimin?

So he moves up from behind the boy to stand beside him, and upon seeing Yoongi standing next to the distressed redhead, the students immediately part like the red sea for him, sending the bad boy various glances; fear, weariness, nervousness, annoyance, dislike. He ignores them all and begins walking again, their path now free.

It takes a second for Jimin to register what happened, why the way cleared all of the sudden, but then he scurries to catch up to Yoongi, realizing when he sees the way the other students swerve to avoid him.

Out of the corner of his eye, Yoongi can see Jimin looking at him as they walk, seeming on the verge of saying something, but the older can see the way he hesitates.

“What is it?” He asks instead, still staring straight ahead as they walk. Jimin cheeks turn a light pink at being caught, and he ducks his head.

“Just, doesn’t that...” he trails off, and this time Yoongi does glance at him curiously.

“Doesn’t what?” He nudges, surprised out how steady his voice sounds in comparison to the way his heart is thundering in his chest. Jimin bites his full bottom lip before continuing.

“Doesn’t that bother you?” He finally blurts out, gesturing around him at the way everyone is avoiding the two of them. Yoongi blinks and cocks his head, thinking.

Does it bother him?

No, not really.

Although, there is a certain redhead whose reaction bothers him greatly...

He can see Jimin watching him nervously, probably once again fearing he’s going to get in trouble for talking out of turn. Yoongi’s heart hurts at that.

“Not really,” he finally admits, and Jimin’s gaze becomes more fixed on his face. “I actually prefer it that way.”

The expression that crosses Jimin’s face is a mix of surprise and confusion. Yoongi can tell the younger boy wants to say something else, but he stops himself, instead dragging his gaze away from the blonde’s face in favor of staring ahead of them. Yoongi can’t help but be a little disappointed as they lapse into an awkward silence.

“Good job!” Jimin grins at Yoongi, who has successfully completed a difficult equation without the boy’s help. “You’re a really fast learner.”

Yoongi can’t help the smile that pulls at his lips at Jimin’s praise, his heart going crazy at the sight of the beautiful smile and half-moon eyes.

It takes him a moment to realize that Jimin is staring at him, and he looks up from the algebra textbook to see the odd look the redhead is giving him. His eyes are wide and his brows are furrowed slightly, his quickly blinking lashes fluttering across high cheekbones. Yoongi frowns at him in confusion.

“What?” He asks, and Jimin quickly looks away, as if not expecting

Yoongi to notice his gaze. The blonde isn't sure if he imagines the pink that tints the boy's full cheeks as he fiddles with the pages of the book.

"Nothing," he says quietly, and before Yoongi can say anything else, Jimin has already moved onto the next equation, tapping at it with his pencil. "How about this one?"

Jimin takes a sip of his hot chocolate as he watches Yoongi purse his lips in concentration while he focuses on the current math equation in the textbook.

The two of them are studying at the local café around the corner of school in favor of the stuffy library, already on their eight tutoring session in a week and a half. Jimin is genuinely impressed by how much Yoongi has improved in his math skills since the younger started tutoring him. He now breezes by most of the problems without needing any help from the redhead. It probably won't be much longer until Jimin doesn't need to tutor him anymore, and for some reason, that thought disappoints him a little.

Yoongi is nothing like Jimin imagined; he's quiet and soft-spoken, hasn't once cussed or raised his voice at the younger, pays close attention to what Jimin teaches him—generally very "un-bad boy" like. He doesn't understand how someone as quiet as Yoongi could have such a reputation as he does.

Slowly, Jimin has started loosening up around the older boy. He's started talking more, at first nervous that Yoongi would get annoyed by the increasingly incessant chatter, but the other only listens quietly, sometimes nodding or making noncommittal noises in response to whatever Jimin says, always focusing on the textbook in front of him, but the patient expression on his face when Jimin talks makes him feel better.

Jimin has actually come to greatly enjoy their sessions. The long lapses of silence between the two of them are no longer awkward, instead comfortable and relaxing, even. Yoongi's presence is quiet and

companionable, and the redhead no longer feels uncomfortable or scared around the older.

“Do you want to hear a joke Taehyung told me the other day?” Jimin asks now, twisting his cup of hot chocolate in circles on the table. Yoongi doesn’t look up from the book, but he gives a short grunt, which Jimin has learned means “sure”. Jimin sits up straighter in his chair and clears his throat.

“Okay, so, where do animals go when their tails fall off?” He begins, pausing a second for dramatic effect, since he knows Yoongi won’t actually answer, before continuing. “The *retail* store.”

Jimin immediately bursts into giggles, covering his mouth with his hand as he slumps back in his chair, his body shaking with quiet laughter. Yoongi still doesn’t look up from his book, but a smile pulls at his lips, and he shakes his head slightly, as if in exasperation.

Jimin’s laughter dies in his throat as he stares at Yoongi’s face, a sense of awe sweeping through him. Yoongi rarely smiles, hardly at all actually, so when he sees it, Jimin is always caught off guard by the sight. He licks his dry lips and tilts his head to get a better view of Yoongi’s face.

“You have a nice smile,” he says suddenly, his voice soft. “You should do it more often.”

Jimin doesn’t know what possesses him to speak, and his eyes widen when he realizes what he said, his face heating up. For a moment, he thinks he’s said something wrong by the way Yoongi freezes. But then Jimin blinks at the light pink blush that colors Yoongi’s cheeks, not sure if he’s imagining it or not as Yoongi ducks his head down further, as if to get a better look at the textbook.

It is a nice smile. In fact, Jimin hasn’t really noticed before, but *Yoongi* is nice looking. He’s always been too busy trying not to piss the older boy off that he’s never really taken the time to look at him. Jimin’s eyes trail over Yoongi’s face as he fiddles with his cup.

The older has a sharp jawline and an angular face, dark lashes that splay across his high cheekbones as he looks down at the book. His skin is as pale as sugar, and it looks soft. Like, really, *really* soft—like velvet or cotton candy or something. Messy blonde hair sweeps across his forehead and tickles into sleepy, droopy eyes that are actually kind of cute.

Jimin's attention is brought to Yoongi's mouth, his plush lips curved like a cat's and light pink, by the older boy chewing on his bottom lip as he focuses intently on the textbook. Jimin's eyes catch on the single silver ring pierced through the bottom lip. It glints in the light from the café windows, only working to emphasize Yoongi's pretty lips. Jimin's never been one for piercings, but he has to admit Yoongi makes it look good. Really good.

He wears a grey and white plaid flannel over a simple white tee and plain skinny jeans that are ripped at the knees. The flannel covers his tattoos on his arms, but Jimin's gaze takes in the monarch butterfly on the back of his long-fingered hand, which is left exposed as he holds the textbook tightly. The white shirt is tugged down slightly to reveal pale, sharp collarbones, and the redhead catches a glimpse of some sort of tattoo, a vine maybe, snaking from his clavicle before trailing down where the shirt covers it.

Jimin watches Yoongi quietly as the older boy mouths the equation to himself silently, his curved lips forming different sounds and vowels. The blonde has improved leaps and bounds since the beginning of their tutoring sessions, and Jimin predicts Yoongi won't need him much longer. He frowns at the thought.

Strange as it may be, he finds himself enjoying Yoongi's company; the quiet way he listens to Jimin's complaints about school or his friends, the way he offers incoherent grunts when the younger expects an answer, the oh-so-rare smiles when Jimin says or does something stupid, the way his dark, sleepy eyes watch Jimin with an unreadable expression that sometimes makes the younger boy fidget nervously, because it's so intense.

"I think you'll be ready for the algebra test on Friday," Jimin breaks the silence, wincing as his voice wavers slightly. Yoongi's eyes flick up to meet his own, and Jimin feels a strange warmth in his chest as their gazes meet. "You've really improved a lot."

For a moment Yoongi only watches him, something crossing his eyes that Jimin can't quite identify, before he gives a few small nods.

"Thank you." Is all he murmurs softly, returning his attention to the book. The way he says it has warmth pooling in Jimin's chest and his heart beating quickly.

Chapter 4

Yoongi waits with bated breath as Mr. Kim slowly hands out the graded quizzes to each student as he makes his way between the rows of desks.

“Mr. Kim,” the teacher frowns disapprovingly at Taehyung as he hands the paper to the brunette. “I expect you to do better next time.” Taehyung groans and drops his head dramatically on the desk as the teacher passes. Jimin smiles and pats his best friend on the back.

“Mr. Park, a perfect score as always,” Mr. Kim smiles as he hands Jimin his finished quiz. From where he sits, Yoongi can see a bright red ‘A +’ written at the top. Mr. Kim turns to the boy sitting directly in front of Yoongi, and a cold sweat breaks out on the back of his neck as he waits, but he keeps his face neutral and expressionless because Min Yoongi does *not* get nervous.

Finally, it’s his turn as Mr. Kim stops in front of his desk. Jimin twists in his seat to watch Yoongi, and when their eyes meet, he flashes two thumbs up as a wide smile pulls at his lips. Butterflies explode in his stomach, and if Yoongi were standing he would have gone weak in the knees at the sight.

Mr. Kim’s voice pulls Yoongi’s attention away from smiling crescent eyes as he looks up at the math teacher. “Mr. Min,” the older man says, watching the blonde with an unreadable expression, which makes Yoongi swallow nervously. His next words have the blonde’s breath catching in his throat;

“Good job,” he winks— actually *winks*—at Yoongi as he holds out his test, who takes it with a tentative hand before looking down at his score as Mr. Kim moves on.

His eyes widen at the bold red ‘B +’ written at the top. There’s even a fucking smiley face drawn next to it, which has Yoongi involuntarily rolling his eyes.

“*Hyung!*” A sharp voice whispers, and Yoongi looks up to see Jimin watching him with an expectant face. Yoongi’s heart threatens to explode as he stares back, at a loss for words.

Jimin, Park Jimin, perfect Jimin with his perfect smile and perfect

hair and perfect giggles just called him, Min Yoongi, 'hyung'. He could die of happiness.

Taehyung looks just as surprised as his head shoots up from his desk to stare between the two of them with wide eyes. Jimin leans out of his chair, trying to see Yoongi's test score. Silently, Yoongi holds it up for him to see.

The absolutely *radiant* smile that crosses Jimin's face will forever render Yoongi a complete and utter mess as his stomach fills with thousands of butterflies. Jimin's beautiful, contagious grin, plus the excitement over his score has Yoongi smiling widely as well, missing the way Jimin's breath catches in his throat and the way his smile drops slightly as he stares wide-eyed at Yoongi when the blonde looks down at his test score again. He misses the way Jimin's full cheeks darken and the way he nervously pushes his glasses back up his nose.

"Mr. Min, Mr. Park, you two stay," Mr. Kim jerks his head at the two of them as the other students file out of the classroom while the bell rings. Jimin and Yoongi exchange a glance but obey, Jimin shooing Taehyung away before he comes to stand next to Yoongi in front of Mr. Kim.

Once the three of them are alone, their teacher leans back on his desk and regards the two of them with a twinkle in his eye. "Mr. Min, I'm very impressed with your improvement these past few weeks," he says, then throws a smile at Jimin. "It seems Mr. Park is good for you."

You have no idea, is what Yoongi wants to say, but he stays silent instead, not noticing the way Jimin stiffens slightly beside him. But his next words makes Yoongi stiffen as well;

"I think it's safe to say the tutoring is no longer needed," he announces with a nod as Yoongi's stomach drops, as if its good news. His gaze snaps up to look at Jimin, who is staring back at him with wide, shocked eyes. Yoongi feels as though his body has been doused with a bucket of ice cold water, his chest squeezing painfully as he

struggles not to let his emotions show on his face, which has paled of color.

No, no...

Jimin blinks rapidly before turning to look at Mr. Kim, wetting his lips nervously. “A-are you sure, sir?”

The older man sort of half-nods. “I don’t think it’s really necessary anymore. Mr. Min has progressed enough that he’s able to understand on his own.”

“O-oh,” Jimin stutters, looking back at Yoongi, whose own gaze is fixed on the corner of Mr. Kim’s desk as his head swirls with a whirlwind of emotions. He can’t bring himself to look at Jimin in fear that he’ll break down and cry.

God, what is this tiny redhead doing to him?

“Congratulation, Mr. Min.” Mr. Kim’s voice barely registers in Yoongi’s mind, the only thing he’s aware of is Jimin standing next to him, close but so, so far away, and his own sadness and disappointment making his heart clench painfully.

After Mr. Kim dismisses them, they stand outside the classroom door in the mostly empty hallway. Yoongi still can’t bring himself to meet Jimin’s eyes as he shuffles his converse-clad feet. Jimin pushes up his glasses and glances at Yoongi.

“Um,” he begins awkwardly once the silence has dragged on too long. Yoongi glances up at him to see the boy peering at him from behind his glasses, an expression Yoongi can’t identify crossing his face. “Good job on the test,” he says in his soft voice, and the older boy’s stomach twists at the sound.

“Thanks,” Yoongi murmurs, dropping his gaze to the floor again. “I couldn’t have done it without you.”

He once again misses the way Jimin’s breath hitches and the pink that paints his cheeks. “It was my pleasure,” the redhead replies quietly, and Yoongi winces internally at the melodic sound. “Well...I guess... I’ll see you on Monday?” Jimin’s voice sounds tentative, and when Yoongi looks up at him, he sees the boy watching him strangely.

“Yeah. See you Monday.”

Yoongi slams his locker shut with such force Hoseok actually jumps in surprise from next to him.

“*Aishh*, you scared me!” Yoongi ignores his friend’s indignant wail as he roughly shoves his textbooks into his backpack.

“Would you quit pouting already? This is getting ridiculous,” Namjoon sighs in exasperation as he watches the fuming blonde, earning himself a murderous look.

“Shut the fuck up, Namjoon,” Yoongi snaps back, Namjoon’s eyes widening in shock at his harsh tone.

“*Yah*, no need to take that tone with me,” he frowns at the older, crossing his arms in annoyance.

“Hyung, if you miss Jimin that much why don’t you just ask him out already?” Hoseok asks stupidly without thinking, yelping when Yoongi’s hand swings out to slap him upside the head.

“Don’t say dumb shit like that,” Yoongi growls, eyes narrowing at Hoseok while he rubs at his head, a wounded look on his face as he glares back at Yoongi. “What makes you think that someone as-as...” he trails off, trying to find the right word. “*Pure*, as Park Jimin would go out with someone like me?” He gestures to himself roughly, and both of his friends frown at him.

“Hyung, don’t say that,” Hoseok sounds concerned, not used to seeing Yoongi so emotional and flustered like this.

“Well,” Namjoon places his hands on his hips and regards Yoongi with narrowed eyes. “If you’re not going to do it, I’ll ask him for yo—” before he can even finish his sentence, Yoongi grabs him by the arm and slams the taller boy against the lockers with a loud thud, one arm pressed across the younger’s chest and the other pointing at his stunned face as Yoongi growls at him, looking downright murderous.

“Namjoon, I swear to fucking god if you value your life, you’ll—“

“Yoongi hyung?” An all too familiar voice behind him has Yoongi freezing in his actions.

Looking over his shoulder, his gaze lands on Jimin watching him with wide eyes, looking confused at the scene before him. Yoongi releases Namjoon and steps back so quickly his friend stumbles forward at the sudden loss of support.

“Jimin,” Yoongi breathes as he turns to face the boy, his face immediately softening from the terrifying expression he’d been wearing as he gazes at Jimin.

“Are you okay?” The redhead asks, glancing behind Yoongi at Hoseok and Namjoon, the latter of whom has recovered and looks very pissed off.

“Oh, uh, yeah,” Yoongi stutters, praying to god that Namjoon doesn’t say anything. “Just a little friendly argument between friends.” Namjoon snorts behind him.

Jimin continues to blink at him for a moment before the boy smiles at him shyly, making Yoongi’s insides all gooey. “Okay, well...” the younger hesitates, biting his lip and making the blonde swallow thickly. “I guess I’ll see you in class?” His question has Yoongi nodding with a little too much enthusiasm before Jimin’s even finished asking.

“Yeah, see you in class,” he agrees gently, his knees going weak as the redhead gives him a little wave with his adorable sweater-pawed hand. Flashing Yoongi one more small smile—which almost makes the blonde pass out—the boy turns around and begins walking down the hall.

Yoongi is staring after him with a dreamy expression on his face when a sound of exclamation makes him jump. He’s completely forgotten about his friends.

“Holy shit, hyung,” Hoseok stares at him with wide eyes. “I knew you liked him, but...”

“You’re completely and utterly fucking *whipped*.” Namjoon finishes, shaking his head in awe.

Yoongi doesn’t bother denying it.

“Please, Mr. Min? The pianist who was supposed to play the accompanying music for the talent show is in the hospital because her appendix burst,” Ms. Choi, the music teacher, pleads with her hands clasped together as if in prayer, standing before Yoongi with a desperate expression on her face. “You’re the only other one who has the skill level to play the needed song on such short notice.”

Yoongi frowns at the woman, ready to turn her down, but the way her big, pleading puppy eyes beg him makes him bite his lip in hesitation. He’s always had a soft spot for Ms. Choi, who reminds him of his own mother. She wants him to perform (“assist, Mr. Min, assist!”) at the school’s annual talent show, and the thought makes his stomach clench in nervousness. It’s been a long time since he’s performed in front of a crowd, and Yoongi’s not sure how much confidence he has in his rusty skills.

“All you’ll have to perform is one song,” Ms. Choi continues, seeing his slight hesitation and jumping on it. “It’s Bach’s Cello Suite No. 1 prelude for piano. It’s a dance piece that Jeon Jungkook is performing to, and the kid has been practicing for months, Mr. Min, *months*. He’s so excited and it would absolutely crush him if he can’t perform because there’s no pianist. Plus, you can play that piece in your sleep.”

The blonde rubs the bridge of his nose as a slight headache begins throbbing in his temples. “Why can’t you just play the song over the speakers or something?” Yoongi asks grumpily, but he already knows her answer.

“Why, because there’s nothing more magical and haunting than a piano being played live, of course. You can’t get that same feeling or effect from it being played on a *laptop* connected to *speakers*,” she exclaims, sounding disgusted at the very thought. “It’s so mechanical and impersonal.”

Yoongi sighs, because as much as he doesn’t want to, he agrees. It’s

when Ms. Choi's bottom lip starts quivering, staring at him pleadingly with wide eyes, that he finally caves.

"Fine," Yoongi grumbles, not believing himself as the music teacher claps her hands together excitedly.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" He sighs in defeat as she begins filling him in on everything.

Please don't let me regret this, he thinks to himself.

Jimin is skipping down the hall with his algebra textbook cradled tightly to his chest, humming and smiling to himself as he makes his way to the library, until realization stops him dead.

Oh yeah...

He's not tutoring Yoongi anymore.

He'd become so accustomed to their sessions together after class that he'd completely forgotten that they were no longer necessary. No wonder Yoongi had avoided his gaze in class; it had completely slipped his mind. He'd been shooting smiles and little waves at the older boy all class like an idiot, only to be ignored. Now that Jimin is no longer tutoring him, what use does Yoongi have for him?

The thought makes Jimin's heart drop, because surely he's more than that to Yoongi? Maybe? He'd at least thought they'd become friends, but now Jimin wonders if he was worth even that to the beautiful blonde who makes Jimin's heart race.

Feeling defeated, he begins dragging his heavy feet again, his shoulders slumped and eyes downcast.

"Did you hear Min Yoongi is playing the piano in the talent show tomorrow?" A passing conversation between two girls walking down

the hall has Jimin freezing in his steps.

“You mean Min Yoongi the thug? Are you sure you’re not mistaken?”

What did they say?

Spinning around, he quickly catches up to them and stops one of the girls by placing a gentle hand on her arm. “What did you just say?” He asks with more force than he intends, staring at her with wide eyes.

She looks confused at his strong reaction. “Uh, I just heard Min Yoongi is replacing the pianist for someone’s performance,” she replies, frowning at the dazed look that crosses Jimin’s face. “Are you okay?”

“Huh?” He blinks at her a couple of times before her question registers. “Oh, yeah, I’m fine. Um, thank you.” And with that he’s scurrying down the hall away from the two girls.

His plan is to find Yoongi and ask him what’s going on, but the older boy is nowhere to be found. After searching practically the whole school, Jimin finally spots Yoongi’s two friends talking by a water fountain.

Taking a deep breath and building up his courage, he approaches them, feeling nervous as he peers up at the much taller boys. They stop talking when they notice him walk up.

“Excuse me—” he begins timidly, but is interrupted by one of them, Hoseok, grinning widely and pointing at him.

“It’s Park Jimin!” He exclaims excitedly, and the redhead frowns at the reaction. “Yoongi hyung’s told us so much abo—” he is cut off by the other boy, Namjoon, elbowing him sharply in the ribs. Hoseok lets out a little yelp and wraps his arms around his torso protectively as he glares at Namjoon. Turning to Jimin, Namjoon smiles reassuringly.

“What’s up?” He asks in a startlingly deep voice. Jimin swallows dryly before answering.

“Um, I just heard that Yoongi hyung is performing in the talent show tomorrow?”

“Oh yeah!” Hoseok squeals loudly, making Jimin jump in surprise and Namjoon swat him on the head in annoyance. “*Yah!* What is this, Abuse Hoseok Day?” He wails in indignation. Namjoon ignores him

and returns his attention to Jimin.

“Yeah he is, it was really last minute,” the older boy tells him, and Jimin stares at him with wide eyes.

“I didn’t know he plays the piano,” Jimin replies in confusion, and the other nods.

“Yeah, since he was three or four, I think,”

“Oh.” Is all Jimin says, trying to wrap his head around this new information.

Jimin’s hands fiddle in his lap as he sits through the first half of the talent show, not really paying much attention as he waits for Yoongi’s performance.

Finally, the current performer, a boy playing the violin, bows and leaves the stage amidst mild cheers as the music teacher steps up to one of the microphones.

“Up next, it is my great pleasure to present Jeon Jungkook, who will be dancing to Min Yoongi’s performance of Bach Cello Suite no. 1 Prelude for the piano.” The whispers that break out in the auditorium are audible, and Jimin sits up straighter in his chair, body tense.

There is applause as Jungkook, a cute sophomore that Taehyung *swears* he doesn’t have a crush on, enters the stage from one side, and Yoongi enters from the other side.

Jimin’s mouth drops open when his eyes land on Yoongi as the blonde takes a seat at the big grand piano at the side of the stage. He is wearing black slacks and a black dress shirt that it rolled up to the elbows, revealing some of his tattoos. The shirt fits his form perfectly and accentuates his slim, lithe body. The first few buttons are undone, revealing sharp, pale collarbones, and Jimin once again see the faint tattoo on his chest. His blonde hair glows silver under the stage lights

as Jungkook takes his place in the center. Once in place, Jungkook looks over at Yoongi and nods.

On cue, Yoongi's long fingers place themselves delicately on the keys, pausing for a moment before he begins playing.

When he does, the auditorium, which is still abuzz with surprise at seeing Yoongi, the school's intimidating bad boy, playing the piano at a school talent show, goes quiet.

Jimin's breath leaves him as the first notes fill the large, quiet space, reverberating off the high ceilings and echoing hauntingly around him. It's like nothing he's ever heard before. Sure, Jimin's heard the piano being played before, but he's never given it much more than a passing thought.

But Yoongi, the way his fingers dance across the keys, barely seeming to touch them as he begins pulling out the music from the piano is if coaxing a skittish dove out of a gilded cage, has Jimin speechless. He's vaguely aware of Jungkook dancing in time to the music, but all Jimin sees is *Yoongi*.

The blonde's eyes flutter closed as he plays, as if losing himself in the notes. He seems oblivious to the stunned crowd as his fingers glide across the keys, lost in his own world, and Jimin can immediately tell that Yoongi has been doing this all his life. It's as if he was born for it.

Jimin watches in dazed awe the way Yoongi's head slightly sways back and forth in time with the music, his eyebrows furrowing every now and then.

A warmth spreads through the redhead's chest as he watches, and his heart picks up in pace when Yoongi's lips purse slightly in concentration, completely unaware of anyone or anything but the notes he's playing.

Jimin gazes up at the blonde boy on stage, his mouth suddenly dry and his stomach turning flips. It's in that moment he realizes;

Uh-oh.

He's in love with Min Yoongi the bad boy.

Chapter 5

Yoongi shuts the door of the classroom behind him quietly, leaning back against it with a sigh.

He's taking refuge in the empty room after having been bombarded by the barrage of "You're really good at the piano, *oppa*", "Wow, I didn't know you could play the piano, *hyung*", "You were so good in the talent show, *Yoongi-ssi*"s. All. Fucking. Day. Yoongi swears the next person who compliments him on his musical skills is going to end up in the fucking hospital. He *knew* he'd regret giving in to Ms. Choi.

With another sigh, Yoongi drops his backpack on one of the desks and braces his hands on the cool wood, hanging his head and closing his tired eyes. He just needs a moment of peace and quiet. That's all he nee—

"Hyung?" The silence is shattered when the door to the classroom, which Yoongi is facing away from, creaks open and a voice calls timidly. In his tired daze, he doesn't recognize the voice. Yoongi sucks in an angry breath and spins around to yell at whoever the fucking idiot is whose disturbing him, but stops dead when he sees who it is.

Park Jimin peers at him nervously from behind his black rimmed glasses, his bright red hair tumbling across his forehead and his sweater paws hanging loosely at his sides.

"J-Jimin," Yoongi stutters in complete surprise, staring at the boy with wide eyes. "What are you doing here?"

Jimin licks his lips and shuffles further into the classroom. "Can I come in?" He asks tentatively, and the blonde has to resist the urge to cross the distance and wrap the boy in his arms, because *god*, Yoongi loves him.

Instead, he only nods jerkily, and Jimin completely enters the room, closing the door behind him with a quiet click. "Is everything okay?" Yoongi asks in concern, noticing the tense look on the boy's face as he moves closer.

"Oh, um..." Jimin blinks up at him, and warmth fills Yoongi's chest when their eyes meet. "I just wanted to say that I um, I really liked your performance..." he trails off, ducking his head and swinging his sweater paws nervously.

If it were anyone else who said that, Yoongi would have socked them in the face. But this time, warmth explodes in his chest and his cheeks turn pink at the boy's praise. The blonde can't help the small smile that pulls at his lips when Jimin glances up at him. He notices the way the younger swallows and his eyes widen, and Yoongi's heart lurches when the younger takes a step closer.

If Yoongi ever wants to ask Jimin out, he knows now is the time. He has a feeling this is either make it or break it, and the thought terrifies him. Butterflies swarm wildly inside him, and the way his stomach flips and flops makes him nauseous.

You can do this, Min Yoongi, he thinks to himself sternly as Jimin takes another step closer. Yoongi licks his lips nervously, tongue sliding across the cool metal of the piercing as he looks down at the floor.

"J-Jimin..." he begins, wincing at the way his raspy voice crackles. *Come on, you coward, you can do this.* He opens his mouth to try again, but is interrupted by a quiet voice;

"Hyung, do you want to go out with me?"

Yoongi's eyes snap up to Jimin, who is watching him quietly. For a moment, he wonders if he's hearing things, but when Jimin takes yet another step closer, now only a foot from Yoongi, his heart stills in his chest as realization hits him.

Jimin...

Park Jimin...

Is asking him...

"W-what?" He croaks out, breath catching in his throat, feeling overwhelmed by the boy's proximity. Jimin cocks his head as he regards Yoongi, sliding forward again and making Yoongi's senses go wild. When the redhead reaches out a small hand and takes Yoongi's bigger, paler one in his own, the blonde almost passes out, electricity tingling through his body at the touch.

"I like you hyung," Jimin murmurs as he strokes his thumb across Yoongi's butterfly tattoo. "I really, *really* like you."

The way Jimin looks at him then stops Yoongi's heart, because he realizes what the boy means.

Is...

Is Park Jimin saying that...

"Jimin..." Yoongi whispers, shivering when Jimin's other hand comes up to brush across his cheek.

"Do...do you like me too, hyung?" The redhead's quiet question is uncertain, nervous, and Yoongi's heart swells. He steps forward and closes the distance between them, reaching up to cup the boy's face in his hands. Jimin gasps softly as Yoongi angles his face closer to the blonde's.

"Yes, Park Jimin, I've really, *really* liked you for a long time," he breathes, his breath ghosting across Jimin's mouth and making the younger boy shiver. Wide brown eyes stare up at him in shocked awe.

"You...you have? How long?"

Yoongi tilts the redhead's face up, leaning forward until their lips are only an inch away. "Pretty much since the first moment I laid eyes on you," he murmurs, capturing Jimin's lips with his own before the boy can reply.

He feels Jimin tremble as their mouths connect and heat explodes throughout Yoongi's body. The redhead's lips are so incredibly plush and soft as they move against his own that he has to bite back a groan at the feeling of them.

Yoongi has been dreaming about this moment from the first time he saw Jimin trip over his feet in the hallway so long ago, sending his textbooks flying across the floor with a gasp. Little flustered Jimin, cheeks red in embarrassment as he apologized to everyone around him, quickly gathering his books back up as Taehyung snickered from beside him. Yoongi knew he was a goner the second he watched the redhead shove his glasses back up his nose harshly.

Now, Jimin's lips glide against his own, the boy's arms coming up to wrap themselves around Yoongi's shoulders as the blonde pulls him closer by the waist. The younger boy tastes so sweet, his scent flooding Yoongi's system and taking over his senses.

He is drowning in Jimin and he can't get enough.

Finally, Yoongi pulls away slightly to catch his breath, and when Jimin's eyes flutter open slowly, Yoongi can't help but places two

more quick, chaste kisses onto his swollen lips and another on the tip of his nose. Jimin's glasses slip down again, but the redhead is too dazed to react. Smiling softly, Yoongi uses his index finger to gently slide them back up his nose bridge, noting the way Jimin's body shivers at his touch.

"Hyung..." the boy begins tentatively, his voice sounding strained as he gazes at Yoongi with dreamy eyes. The blonde hums in response, his eyes taking in the sight of the beautiful pink flush painting Jimin's cheeks. "Does-does this mean you'll go out with me?"

Yoongi's heart melts into a puddle at his shy, hesitant question. Brushing his thumbs—his hands still cupping Jimin's face—across the soft skin of his full cheeks, he cocks his head and admires the angel in front of him.

"Are you sure you want too, Jiminie?" Yoongi asks uncertainly, wanting to cry at the way Jimin's eyes widen and he swallows at the nickname. "I'm not a nice person," he murmurs, pressing a feather light kiss onto the boy's full lips before pulling away slightly.

"You're nice to *me*," Jimin gulps, his voice faltering slightly as his eyelids flutter closed involuntarily.

"I curse like a sailor," Yoongi continues softly with another gentle kiss. Jimin's hands reach out to clutch at the front of Yoongi's shirt, as if in need of stability.

"I don't mind," he replies breathlessly, leaning forward desperately when Yoongi pulls back again.

"I'm covered in tattoos," Yoongi's breath ghosts over the redhead's lips, their mouths barely brushing.

"I-I like them," Jimin struggles to form his words when Yoongi places another kiss onto his lips.

"I smoke," the blonde admits, pausing a few centimeters from Jimin's lips to wait for his reaction. Yoongi doesn't tell the boy that he's been trying to quit ever since Namjoon told him the redhead hates smokers. Yoongi expects Jimin to pull away and look disgusted, but his heart swells when Jimin only closes the distance himself to claim Yoongi's lips.

"You better stop," the younger whispers when Yoongi pulls back after a too-short kiss. He can't help the smile that pulls at the corner of

his mouth at Jimin's dazed tone. He leans in again and rests his forehead against Jimin's, his eyes closing as he breathes in the sweet, citrusy scent of the boy, his whole body buzzing and filled with warmth.

"I'm lazy and I don't care about anything," Yoongi continues breathlessly, a tremor running through him when the younger tugs him closer by the grip he has on his shirt.

"But..." Jimin licks his swollen lips nervously, his breath hitching when one of Yoongi's hands moves from his face to slide down to the back of his neck. "Y-you care about *me*...right, hyung?"

For an answer, Yoongi brings their lips together once more, this time pressing firmer and more insistently against Jimin's, reveling in the silky softness of the boy's lips and the wave of heat that runs through his body. Jimin whimpers softly when Yoongi licks along his bottom lip, instantly allowing the older boy access while his arms wrap around Yoongi and tug him closer.

They kiss until neither of them can breathe and they're forced to finally pull away to catch their breath, panting heavily into the small space of distance between their flushed faces. Yoongi meets Jimin's hazy, heavy-lidded gaze, and a wave of liquid sunlight fills him at the dreamy, awed expression on the boy's face as he gazes back at Yoongi.

Brushing his thumb tenderly across Jimin's cheekbone, he leans forward and places a soft kiss on the younger's forehead. "Is that enough of an answer for you?" He asks, voice sounding drowsy, turning his face so their cheeks are pressed together. Jimin nods slightly, their cheeks rubbing together from the action before he moves his arms from Yoongi's waist to wrap around the older's shoulders.

Yoongi buries his face in Jimin's neck, soaking in the warmth of the boy's skin and sighing in contentment when Jimin hugs his tighter, letting the redhead card his fingers slowly through soft blonde hair. He nuzzles further into the junction of the younger's neck and shoulder when Jimin's fingertips stroke the shell of Yoongi's ear, making him shiver.

"Hyung," the boy's voice breaks the silence after a while. The blonde squeezes him tighter in response. "Will you play the piano for me?"

Yoongi places a kiss onto Jimin's neck. "I'd do anything for you, Jiminie."

Being forced to get tutored in math is the best thing that's ever happened to him.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!